

NEW COMIX BY SKIP WILLIAMSON

PIGHEAD

MATURE READERS

NUMBER ONE

THE MASSES

INTELLECTUALS



SKIP WILLIAMSON

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post modern romance with NELL 'N' VOID

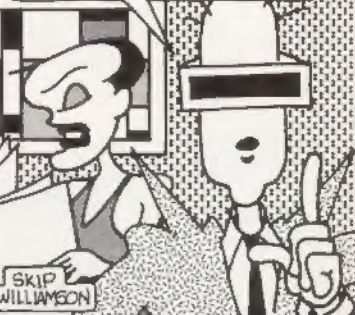
HEY, NELL. COLI-FLOWER ENTERTAINMENT HAS OPENED A NEW RESTAURANT SO TRENDY THEY DON'T SERVE FOOD!



COLI-FLOWER ENTERTAINMENT?

ISN'T THAT THE MARVELOUS RESTAURANT GROUP ADMINISTERED BY THE CULINARY WIZARD, MITCH MELMAC, THE MOST ELECTRIFYING ENTREPRENEURIAL GENIUS SINCE CLAU VON BULOW?!

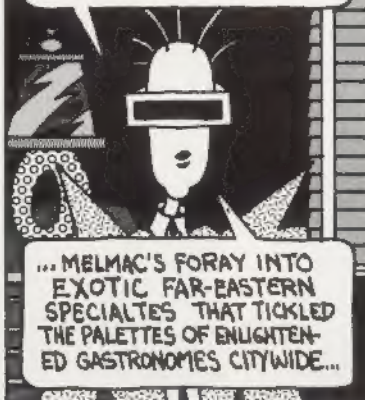
THE SAME MITCH MELMAC WHOSE HIP BISTROS SERVE AS A CULINARY BENCHMARK TO FASHION-PLATES AND TRENDY YOUNG PROFESSIONALS THROUGHOUT THE URBAN SPRAWL.



WHO CAN FORGET COLI-FLOWER ENTERTAINMENT'S MANY ERST-WHILE ACHIEVMENTS?!



RESTAURANTS SUCH AS "DOGFOOD"...



"AS WELL AS ABETTING THE CLEAN-UP OF ANNOYING DROPPINGS IN OUR FINE PARKS AND PRISTINE BOULEVARDS."



"NOT TO MENTION THE EPICUREAN WONDERS OF 'GRUB', THE CITY'S FIRST LARVA BAR."



"OF COURSE THERE WAS THE INIMITABLE 'TROUGH,' WHICH INTRODUCED LOCAL CONNOISSEURS TO THE GUSTO OF NOUVELLE BARNYARD CUISINE."



MELMAC HAS HAD SO MANY BEGUILING ESTABLISHMENTS FOR THE FOOD ENTHUSIAST.



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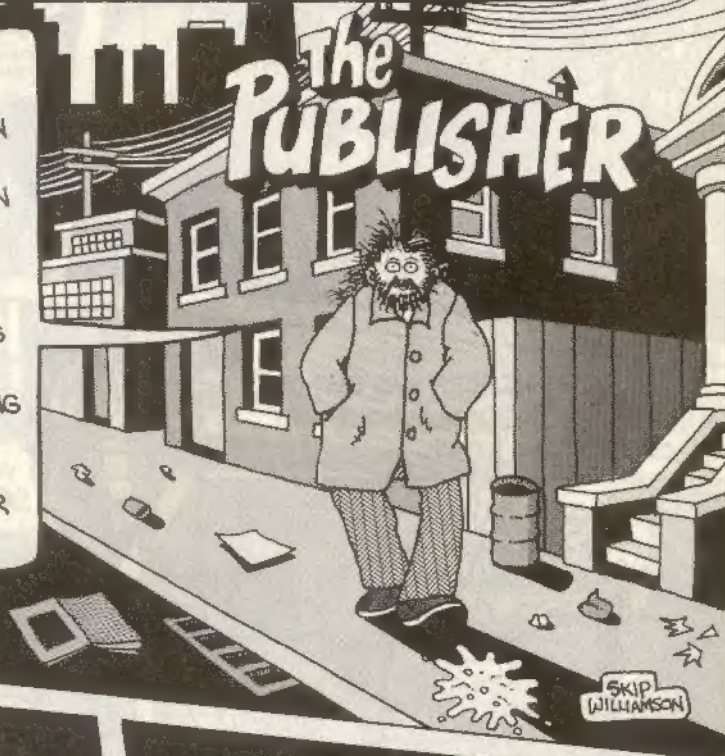
First edition. September, 1993.

HALSTED STREET

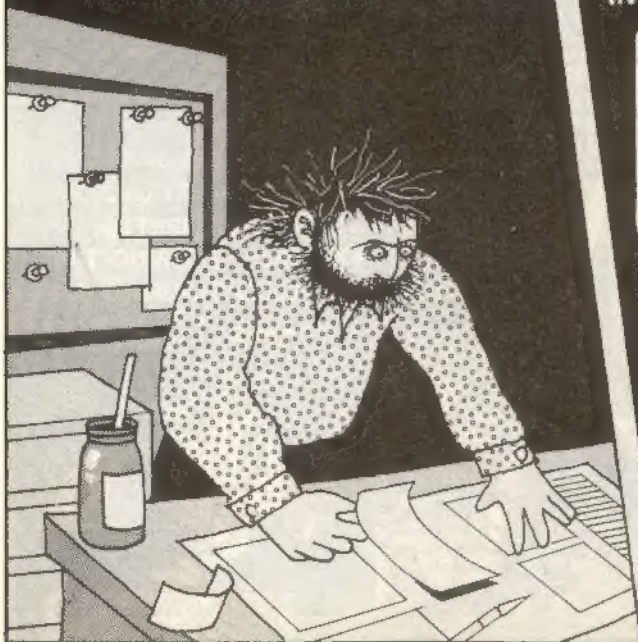
TORMENT & DRAMA FROM THE HOG BUTCHER

VILLANY, RESTLESS AND JUST BENEATH THE SURFACE, IS THE UNDERPINNING OF HUMAN NATURE. WHILE CORPULENT PROPRIETY TWIRL-DANCES IN THE SUNLIGHT NAKED, WHITE-FLESHED AND VULNERABLE. BUT VILLAINY ATTACKS IN A BRUTAL TWINKLING, SINKING RAVENING TEETH INTO PROPRIETY'S JUICY HIDE, LEAVING BEHIND THE PUTREFYING CARCASSES AND ANNOYING CARNAGE THAT LITTERS OUR PATHWAY TO OBLIVION.

The PUBLISHER

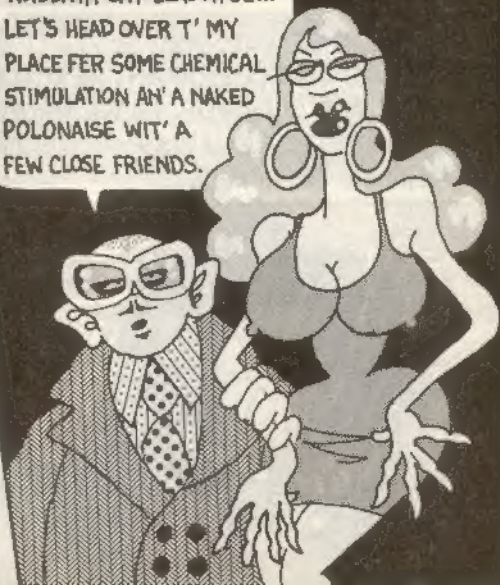


I WAS WORKING AS ART DIRECTOR FOR A PUBLICATION THAT COULDN'T DECIDE WHETHER IT WANTED TO BE LIFE MAGAZINE OR THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER.



RONNIE RICO, THE LISH, WAS A VIVID CHARACTER WHO I HAD WORKED FOR A FEW YEARS EARLIER WHEN HE WAS IN THE PORNO MAGAZINE BUSINESS.

WADDAYA SAY BEAUTIFUL... LET'S HEAD OVER T' MY PLACE FER SOME CHEMICAL STIMULATION AN' A NAKED POLONAISE WIT' A FEW CLOSE FRIENDS.



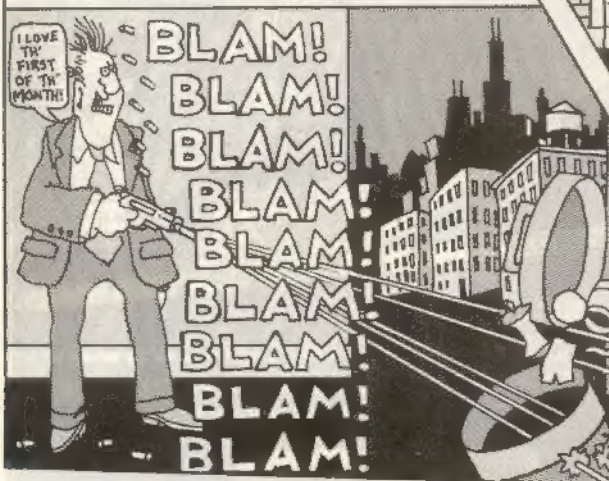
RONNIE RICO PALATABLY ENJOYED THE DAMON RUNYON THEATER OF LIFE, WAS A "CONNECTED" GUY AND SURROUNDED HIMSELF WITH A COVEY OF COLORFUL YEGGS.



THE MONEY GUY WAS BOB BALDUCCI RECENTLY OUT OF THE JOINT ON A MANSLAUGHTER RAP. HE WAS THE ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER.



HIS LEGIT VENEER WAS THAT OF A GLUMLORD. HE HADA UNIQUE WAY OF COLLECTING RENT.



AT THE MAGAZINE, BALDUCCI'S FATHER WAS THE CUSTODIAN. HE'D COME IN AT NIGHT AND CLEAN UP. IT WAS RUMORED THAT HE WAS THE REAL SOURCE OF THE MAGAZINE'S REVENUE.



RICO CRAYED CREDIBILITY INASMUCH AS HE WAS OUT OF THE SOFT-PORN BUSINESS. SO HE POSTURED HIMSELF AS A BORN-AGAIN CHRISTIAN-- IN VOGUE IN THOSE DAYS-- FIGURING THAT HE WOULD BE GAUGED SCRUPULOUS.



THE OFFICE SECRETARY AND RECEPTIONIST WAS A WOMAN WHOSE ATTITUDE WAS HOSTILE AND MEAN. SHE REFUSED TO ANSWER PHONES OR DO ANY WORK AT ALL REALLY.

SHARON... CAN YOU TYPE
A LETTER FOR ME?

**FUCK
YOU!**

**FUCK
YOU!**

GUYS... YOU GOTTA GET RID OF SHARON. SHE HAMSTRINGS THE ENTIRE OPERATION AROUND HERE.

CAN'T DO IT!...

A cartoon illustration of a man and a woman. The man, on the right, is wearing a suit, tie, and glasses. He has a distressed expression, with his mouth wide open in a shout and his hands raised in a gesture of frustration. A speech bubble above him contains the text "CAN'T DO IT!...". The woman, on the left, is also wearing a suit, tie, and glasses. She has a more composed expression, looking towards the man. The background is a simple, light-colored wall.

HER DAD USED T' RUN TH' CASINOS IN HAVANA BEFORE CASTRO CAME T' POWER...

IT'S A FAVOR!

IT'S A
FAVOR!

SHE PRACTICES
VOODOO!!...

IF WE FIRE HER
SHE'LL PUT A
CURSE ON US!!

IF WE FIRE HER
SHE'LL PUT A
CURSE ON US!!

PART OF MY JOB WAS TO DO "FAVORS" FOR RONNIE'S FRIENDS, AND SEYMORE WAS A GUY WHO OCCASIONALLY HELPED WITH THE CASH FLOW.

LISSIN, KID, Y' GOTTA DO A FAVOR...

I NEED T' THROW SEYMORE A BONE.

A two-panel comic strip. The first panel shows a man with large, thick-rimmed glasses, a mustache, and a suit, smoking a cigar. The second panel shows a man with wild, spiky hair, a beard, and a patterned shirt, holding a large bone.

LISSIN, KID,
Y' GOTTA DO
A FAVOR...

I NEED T' THROW
SEYMORE A BONE.

SEYMORE WAS DIMINUTIVE AND UNSEEMLY;
A HUNCHBACK...BUT A MAN OF MEANS.

HEY RONNIE...

...YOU SCRATCH MY (HEH,
HEH) BACK, I'LL SCRATCH
YERS!

BECAUSE DRACONIAN VANITY AND
UNPRINCIPLED CHARACTER ARE
ENDEMIC TO HUMAN NATURE, PEOPLE
WERE NOT VERY TOLERANT OF SEYMORE'S
GUISE OR AUTHORITY.

LISSIN,
GIRLS...

I GOTTA THROW
SEYMORE A BONE...

MAYBE YOU
CAN BE
NICE TO HIM.

SEYMORE WAS
PLEASANT ENOUGH BUT LOST IN HIS
SCHEMES AND PIPE DREAMS.

I'VE HAD SOME GREAT
IDEAS...LIKE D'
MOOD TOILET SEAT...

...AN' D' EVER-
POPULAR DISCO
TOE-NAIL CLIPPERS.

SOME OF DESE
IDEAS DIDN'T
WORK OUT...

...BUT NIT' DIS
IDEA I CAN'T MISS!

CURRENTLY HE HAD A
MAIL ORDER SCAM IN MIND.

MAIL ORDER
PANTIES!!

PANTIES WIT' A
HUNERT-DOLLAR BILL
SILKSCREENED ON
TH' CROTCH!!

WOT KINDA MAN
WOULDN'T BUY DESE
GAG PANTIES FER
HIS SWEETIE?!

I'LL MAKE
A MINT!

SEYMORE NEEDED
AN AD HE COULD PLACE IN UNREFINED
GIRLIE MAGAZINES.

I CAN GIT
GOOD RATES
IN DESE BOOKS!

BONE
MY
SPINTER

SUCKA
BIGHAIRY
HOOTERS

HEV'S SWEET CARD
URINE SAMPLE

CONSEQUENTLY...

YOU DO
GOOD
WORK, KID.

Put Your Money
Where Your Mouth Is!



GET 'LUCKY' WITH
THE C-NOTE G-STRING

UNFORTUNATELY, THE GUYS WHO BUY UNREFINED GIRLIE MAGAZINES ARE LOSERS WHO HAVE NO WIVES OR GIRLFRIENDS TO GIFT WITH SUCH PANTIES.



SHARON...ANY ORDERS IN TH' MAIL TODAY?

FUCK YOU!



AFTER MANY TRANSGRESSIONS SHARON WAS FIRED.



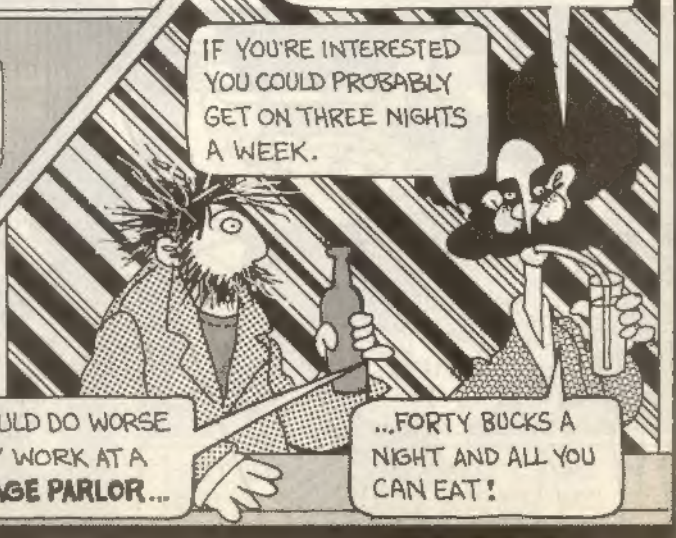
AT HOME THERE WAS NEITHER DELIVERANCE OR SOLACE, BUT PROVIDED FURTHER ORDEAL AND DISASTER.



INCREASINGLY REVENUE WAS BECOMING A PROBLEM.



WELL, I WORK TH' DESK AT TH' HAREM...AND THEY'RE A MAN SHORT RIGHT NOW...



...A LIGHT-FINGERED
AND VENTURESOME
TYPE COULD DO WELL.

IT'S A CASH
BUSINESS.

THE MASSAGE PARLOR BUSINESS IN
CHICAGO'S FIRST WARD WAS A HIGHLY
COMPETITIVE ENTERPRISE.

NUDE FU
ORIENTAL
ARTS

THE HAREM WAS IN
A GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD, THE GIRLS
WERE ATTRACTIVE AND THE CLIENTELE
WERE PROFESSIONALS.

THE NIGHT I START-
ED WORK A RIVAL PARLOR IN THE
NEIGHBORHOOD WAS NEUTRALIZED BY
AN INCENDIARY DEVICE TOSSED THROUGH
THE FRONT WINDOW.

YOU GOT ANY
GIRLS WITH
BIG TITS?

INTERESTED IN EX-
PANDING THEIR FRANCHISE, THE
OWNERS OPENED GENTLEMAN'S RETREAT.

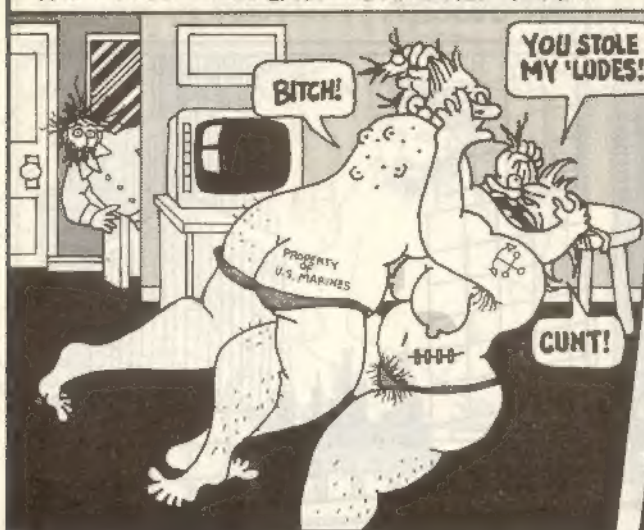
THE NEW PARLOR, HOWEVER,
WAS IN A MORE BLIGHTED
PRECINCT AND THE CLIENTS
WERE OF AN INHARMONIOUS STRIPE.

I NEED YOU T' WORK
GENTLEMAN'S RETREAT
T' NIGHT...

YOU'LL
NEED
THIS!

C'MERE,
KID!

THE GIRLS WERE SHARLING AND REPTILIAN.



GENTLEMAN'S RETREAT WAS A WASH-OUT. ANYONE WITH ENOUGH MONEY TO AFFORD A BLOWJOB KNEW BETTER THAN TO STEP FOOT INTO THAT NEIGHBORHOOD.



ONE MORNING I WENT TO WORK AT THE MAGAZINE. A PUERTO RICAN LIBERATION FALANGE HAD BOMBED A TRAVEL AGENCY ON THE GROUND FLOOR OF THE BUILDING, PUTTING THE ELEVATOR OUT OF ORDER AND BLOCKING THE STAIRWELL.



GRATEFUL, I WENT HOME ... I NEEDED THE SLEEP



THAT NIGHT I DREAMED I WAS IN BED WITH FRANCY BESIDE ME.

OUR BED IS OUTSIDE IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE STREET... IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE CITY.



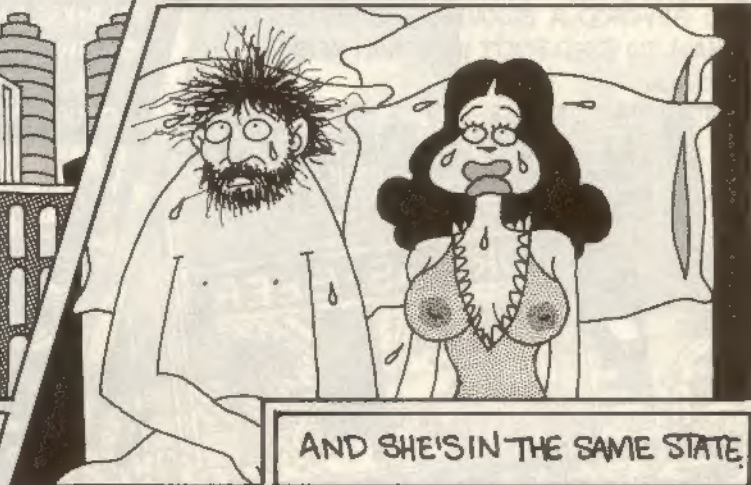
HIGH ABOVE AND FAR AWAY I SEE
AN OBJECT.



IT'S AN AUTOMOBILE
PLUNGING HEAD-ON FROM ABOVE.



I HAVE TO WARN
AND HELP FRANCY BUT I FIND I
CAN'T MOVE OR TALK...



I'M PANICKED!

AND SHE'S IN THE SAME STATE.

WE'RE DEFENSELESS AS DOOM
HURTTLES TOWARD US AT BREAK-
NECK SPEED!



SUDDENLY THE CAR CHANGES COURSE.
IT WILL MISS US AND FALL ONTO THE
ROOFTOP OF A NEARBY BUILDING.



RELIEF IS BUOYANT!



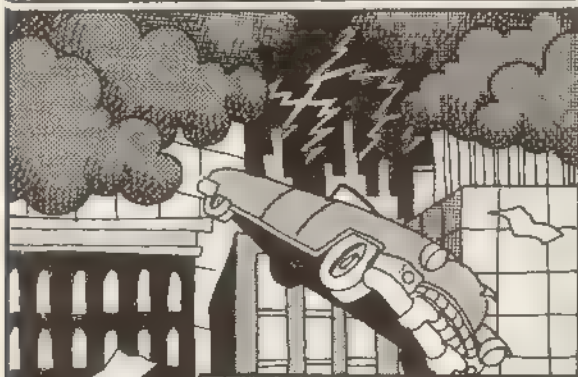
COOL BREEZES WAFT.

BIRDS ARE SINGING...



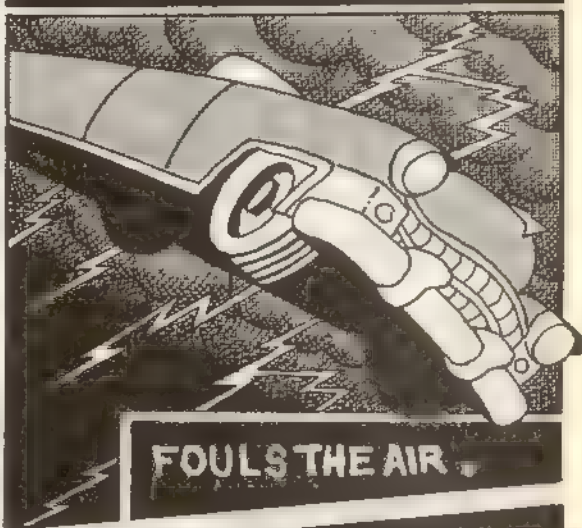
I LUXURIATE.

SUDDENLY THE CAR BOUNCES OFF THE ROOF TOP, AND IT IS UPON US!



THE SKY TURNS BLACK. ABRUPTLY IT'S COLD.

SWEETLY, PUTRIFIED FLESH..



FOULS THE AIR

THIS WAKES ME UP...



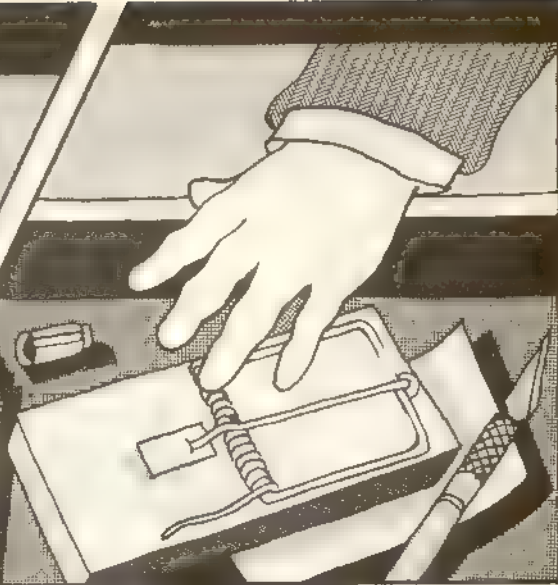
I'M LYING IN AN EMPTY BED.

TIME TO GO TO WORK.

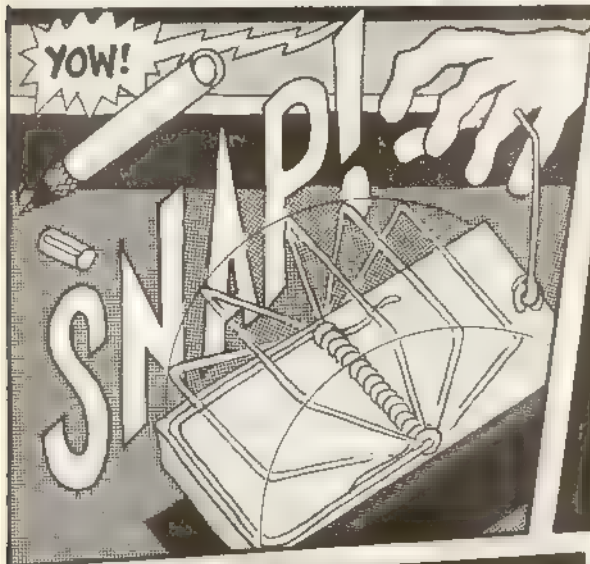


ANYBODY SEEN
THE GALLEYS FOR
THE BARRY
MANILOW PIECE?

I THINK
THEY'RE
IN YOUR
DRAWER.



YOW!

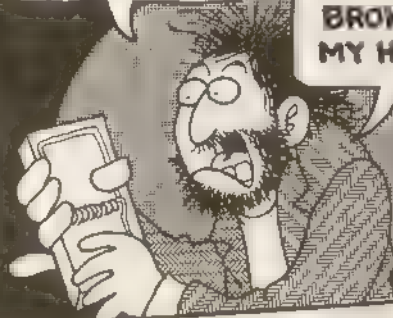


JEEZUS!

SOMEBODY PUT
A RAT TRAP
IN MY DRAWER!

LOOKIT TH'
SIZE OF
THAT THING!

IT COULDA
BROKEN
MY HAND!



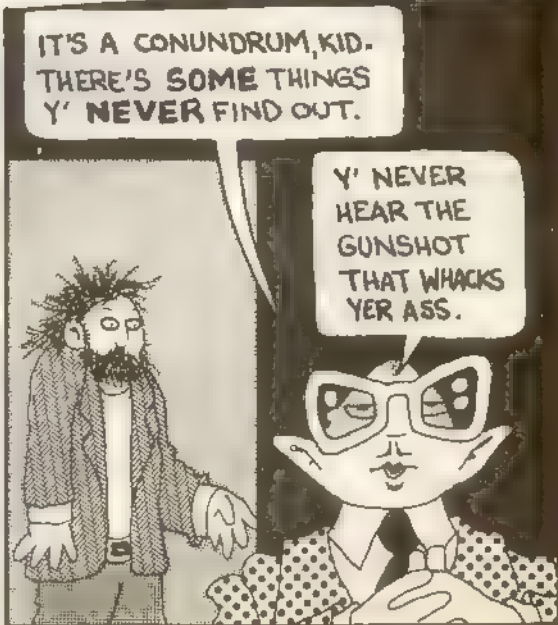
SHIT, RON!
SOMEONE'S
TRYIN' TO
BREAK MY
HAND!

WHO AROUND HERE'S
GOT IT OUT FORME?



IT'S A CONUNDRUM, KID.
THERE'S SOME THINGS
Y' NEVER FIND OUT.

Y' NEVER
HEAR THE
GUNSHOT
THAT WHACKS
YER ASS.



MEANWHILE, LIFE ON THE SECOND SHIFT
TOOK A LARCENOUS TURN.

IT'S A SNAP
TO JUGGLE
THE RECEIPTS
AROUND HERE.

I CAN PICK
UP AN EXTRA
100 BUCKS
A NIGHT.

AN' THE BEST
PART IS...
NOBODY'S
TH' WISER.

HOWEVER...

LISSIN, RUD,
WE'D LIKE T'
DISCUSS SOME
DISCREPANCIES.

UNFORTUNATE-
LY OUR FIGURES
DON'T TALLY!

YEEK!

...AN' WE'VE BEEN IN-
FORMED BY A RELI-
ABLE SOURCE THAT
YOU'VE BEEN STEAL-
ING FROM US !!!

THEY WRAPPED
TOWELS AROUND HIS HEAD AND BEAT HIM
WITH TELEPHONE BOOKS.

GOOD THING FOR YOU
WE'RE NICE GUYS!

ANYONE
ELSE WOULD
BREAK YOUR
LEGS!

THIS PROVIDED ME WITH
AN OPPORTUNITY TO RESIGN. SINCE
I WAS A PIRIAH DUE TO MY FRIEND-
SHIP WITH RUD, IT WAS A LOGICAL
AND SAFE RECOURSE.

I'M TURNING
IN MY GUN.

GIT TH' FUCK
OUTA HERE BE-
FORE I SHOOT
YOU WIT' IT!

IN THE INTERM, THE VORTEX OF JOURNAL-
ISTIC PHRENITIS CHURNED ITS MEANDER-
ING COURSE.

NEXT ISSUE WE'RE GONNA DO AN
ARTICLE ABOUT TH' NATIONAL DIS-
GRACE OF TH' TREATMENT OF
NATIVE AMERICANS.

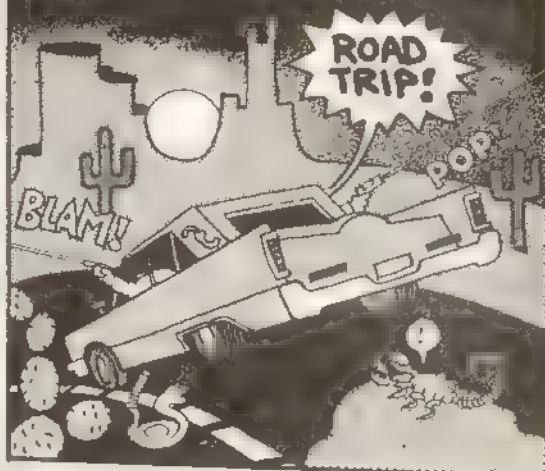
WE'LL PROFILE LEADERS OF TH'
AMERICAN INDIAN MOVEMENT
AN EXPOSE TH' CORRUPT
BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS!

ME AN' BOB WILL
PERSONALLY
HANDLE THIS STORY!

RON'S PROVIDIN' TH' AMPHETAMINES
AN' QUAAALUDES. I'M TRANSPORTIN'
US IN MY MONTE CARLO AN' FURNISHIN'
LARGE BORE WEAPONRY AN' ARMOR
PIERCIN' AMMUNITION!



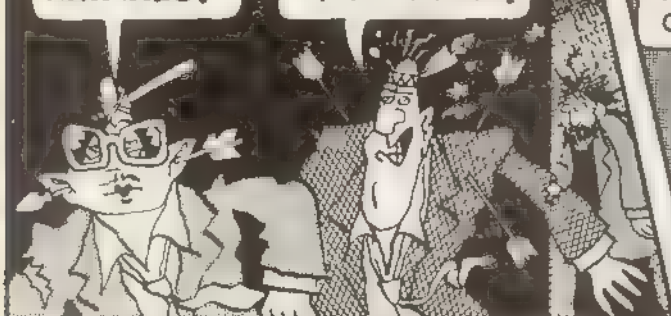
UNDER THE COVER OF ALTRUISM,
THE DETERMINED EVANGELS OF THE
PRINTED TRUTH EMBARKED FULL-
THROTTLE INTO INDIAN TERRITORY!



THE ASSUMPTIVE DUO RETURNED
THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

THEM FUCKIN'
REDSKINS
ARE PARTY
ANIMALS!

THEM SQUAWS
WILL DO ANY-
THING FOR A
PINT OF REDEYE!



LATER, BOB
BALDUCCI, THE ARGUS-EYED BUSINESSMAN,
RESOLVED TO COLLECT ON AN OVERDUE
ACCOUNT.

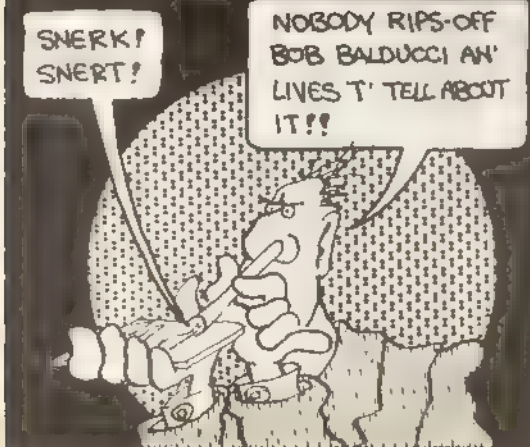
FUCKIN' SONOVABITCH,
CLEOTIS COWSNOPSKY,
OWES ME A BAG O' CASH



FORTIFYING HIS RESOLVE, BALDUCCI
DIPS INTO SOME TOP-GRADE
PERUVIAN NOSE CANDY.

SNERK!
SNERT!

NOBODY RIPS-OFF
BOB BALDUCCI AN'
LIVES T' TELL ABOUT
IT??



SWEET BABY JEEZUS IF
DAT DON'T NAIL MY COLORS
TO TH' MAST!!



WELL-ARMED, HE SNATCHES UP AN OUNCE OF COKE, A LID OF REEFER AND PROCEEDS WITH CHURLISH RESOLVE.

NOW T' VENTILATE DAT DEADBEAT MOTHERFUCKER!

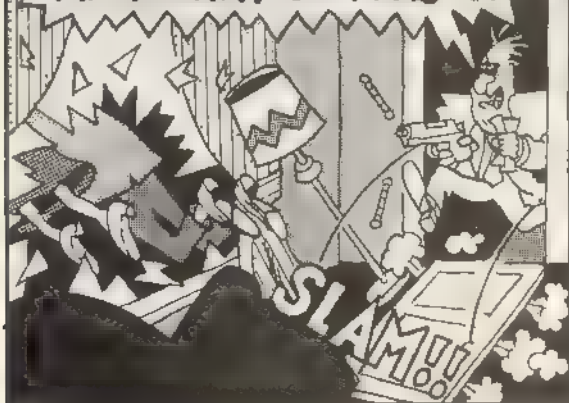


SHORTLY...AT THE COWSNOSKY RESIDENCE

OPEN TH' FUCKIN' DOOR,
YOU SCUM-SUCKIN'
BUTTWEASLE !!



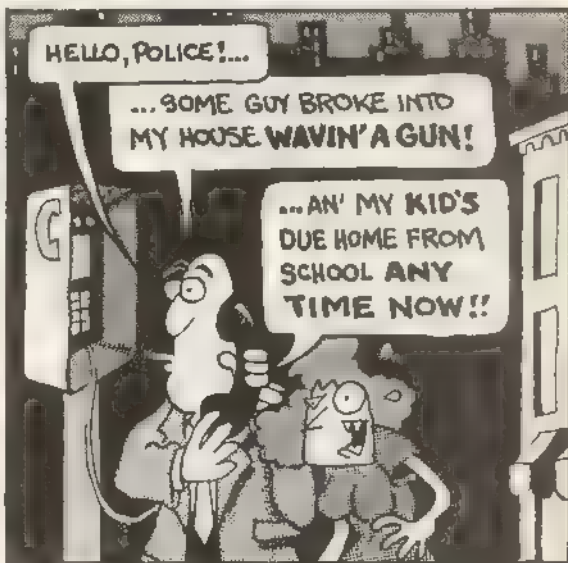
YER BOAT'S WASHED UP ON
TH' STYGIAN SHORE, YOU
MALIGNANT SHITBAG !!!



HELLO, POLICE!...

... SOME GUY BROKE INTO
MY HOUSE WAVIN' A GUN!

... AN' MY KID'S
DUE HOME FROM
SCHOOL ANY
TIME NOW!!



BACK AT THE DOMICILE.

HEY!...

WHAT'S GOING ON
HE... ERK!



IF I CAN'T WASTE THAT
CONTEMPTIBLE COCKROACH...

... THEN I'LL BUTCHER
HIS DRAGGLED SPAWN!



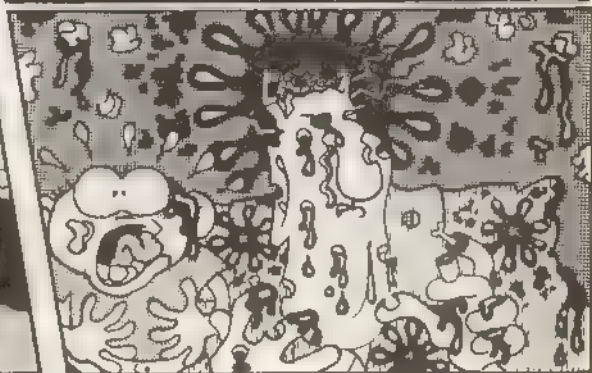
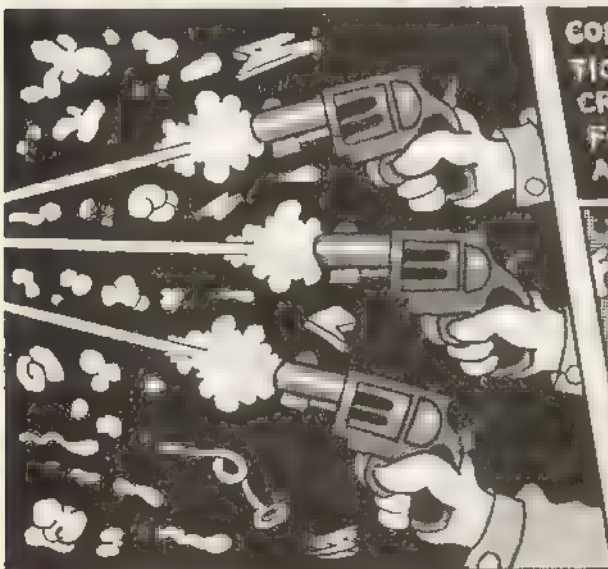
**DROP THE GUN AND
LET THE KID GO!!**



**BACK OFF
OR TH' KID DIES!**



CONSEQUENTLY THE SUPERCHUOUS-UNDULA-
TIONS OF DESTINY LEFT ME UNEMPLOYED
CRUSHED BENEATH THE WHEEL OF
FORTUNE AND A VICTIM OF FATE'S
ACRIMONIOUS POGROM.



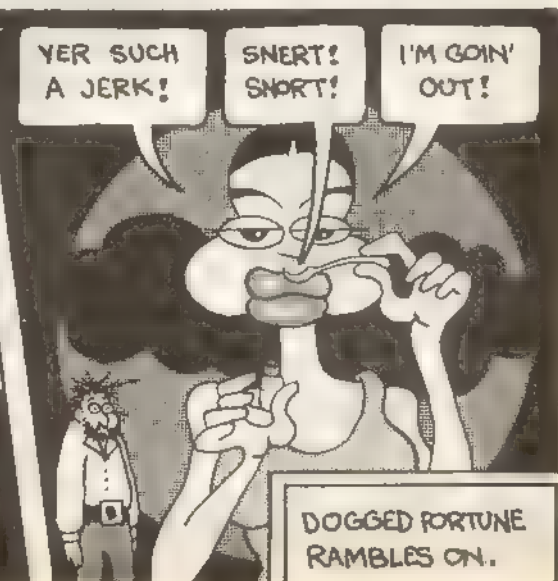
**I'M OUTA
WORK.**



**YER SUCH
A JERK!**

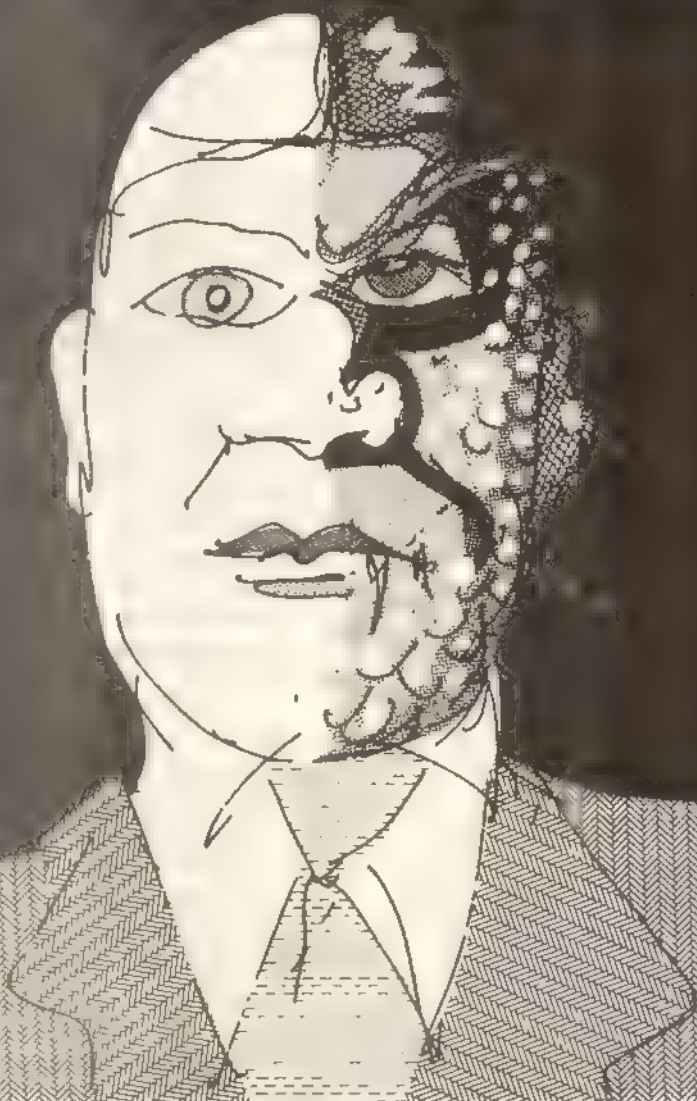
**SNERT!
SHORT!**

**I'M GOIN'
OUT!**



**DOGGED FORTUNE
RAMBLES ON.**

BRAIN FOOD



SKIP
WILLIAMSON

Portentous afternoon decays into ugly evening in the cramped and fetid penumbra of the Fuckberg Public House. The acrid stench of urine and vomit coming into an obnoxious

tincture. A patron stumbles out the door pursuing tawdry oblivion as another rumpled dreg is tossed out on his inebriated ear by mulish Hortence Grimcrack, the bartender.

BY SKIP WILLIAMSON

Proprietor, Big Buck Pigmeat and his partner, the stolid and dawdling, Ashen Hugh, conspire at the bar of their seedy tavern.

"As you know," ruminates the fleshy Buck, "I'm a mere shadow of my former abusive self as years of unrelenting chemical and alcohol abuse have left me nearly brain dead. However, I've sworn off demon rum and Peruvian nose candy until I can afford a brain transplant and begin my assault anew."

Big Buck swills down copious quantities of low-alcohol beer substitute while Hugh guzzles his regular but startling allotment of the real thing.

"Unfortunately" continues Buck, "the cost of a new brain through the American medical establishment is prohibitive. So I have located a family in the cardboard shack, shit-strewn slums of Sao Paulo who have agreed to sell me the brain of their first-born son for \$1.53 in American currency."

"However, the transplant—even though through the cost-effective South American medical cabal—will cost me a hefty 10K. We must find a way to secure the cash so that I might continue my doggish existence!"

Ashen Hugh, surrounded by empties, has his nose stuck in a comic book titled "Saprogenic Stories" while Hortense Grimcrack, paramour and co-habitor with Buck Pigmeat, tends the dank bar serving up watered down swill and bristling acrimony to the two or three lost souls propped at the bar in drunken disarray, their omnivorous thirsts in resolute affidavit to ravage and ruin.

Bent steadfast into his comic book, winebibber Ashen Hugh, flesh as white as the underbelly of a fish, hunched and rumpled, greyed hair to his shoulders, fifty years of abominate denigration etched cavernously in his features,

chuckles.

"I've always enjoyed the impudence of underground comix" he chortles bibaciously. "Especially this guy, Clarence Creedwater. In the late 60s he was a cultural hero. Everywhere you looked you'd see his 'Keep on smokin' dope' bumper stickers, and his 'Hairy Hippie Heroes' were the hottest comic book characters of the day. Every burnout over forty remembers this guy and his comic books. They may not remember the days of the week and they have lost so many brain cells that they can't find their own dicks, but they remember Creedwater's 'Sneezy Snazzy Snoot' with phrenetic fondness. These comix assure our pitiable and disillusioned generation that they were once vital and pugna-cious. That they did indeed live lives that were once youthful and full of fervid zeal. These obscene little comic books reveal, one last time, pleasures dead and gone to those who are nearly dead and gone."

Big Buck Pigmeat jumps up sending O'Doul's empties clattering and knocking his bar stool across the mucid tavern floor.

"That's our customer base you're talking about!" yelps Buck. "With an underground comix theme hung on this bar we can herd those mooncalf loons in here by the gross and relieve them of their capital assets! The road to Sao Paulo is paved with recalcitrant cartoons and acid flashback!!"



Big Buck Pigmeat lived a life of con and scam, wheel and deal. Through alliances with unscrupulous low-level bureaucrats and criminal enforcement officials, payoffs were made and deals were sealed. Commerce, felonious and delinquent, proceeded apace. Peccadillo was the name of the game. The Pigmeat Doctrine was that real money could never be made through

honest concourse, that deceit and guile were the agents of prosperity. He claimed no real interest in revenue, but that the game was the thing. Maybe because, despite his life of clawing duplicity, real revenue remained beyond his grasp. And the successes he achieved were as ephemeral and fleeting as a fart in the wind.

For sure there had been adventures. Like dope dealing and smuggling art treasures. Yet despite this swashbuckling meandering down the opulent boulevards of fortune, he now found himself at the dead end of a rocky road. He was building a fragile and tottering pyramid of ragged schemes. Nailing together shard and splinter, tacking micron to paring. Sleek and reptilian, he could talk the lucre from the pockets of starry-eyed speculators in order to pay cash for his next dilettante venture. Screwing one, paying another. He had done this for years and it always delighted him how easy it was to relieve the lumpkin of his capital and talk the next pigeon into producing services with the promise of certain riches.

But fortune was a capricious swain and there were sharks on the street with more teeth and bloodlust than Big Buck Pigmeat. So here he sat in trivial enterprise, part owner of a ramshackle bar, pondering his next fiasco.



For Clarence Creedwater the last 25 years had spurted by like shit through a duck. It seemed like only yesterday that teargas hung in the air, naked nymphets with flowers twined in their hair twirldanced in the reefer-laden ozone and property was theft. Now he had lived through the anility of Reagan/Bush, the sexual-emancipation-equals-death epoch and the canker of consumptive greed that had become the signet of his once resplendent peer group.

More than once Creedwater had pondered his enigmatic trajectory. What quirk of the psyche jettisoned him and his fistful of cohorts into the artistic glory hole of underground comix? Disdained by the Fine Art Community as misfit rabble and pigeon-holed into a subcategory of a subculture whose time had come and gone, Clarence found that which he did best offered minimal reward and limited compensation. Of course he had achieved a certain level of fame, if only as one of the few counter culture icons to have survived the last quarter of a century. A significant number of his colleagues had experienced death's rude finality. Most by substance abuse, some by murder, one was run over by a truck in Tibet, another fell victim to a defective bondage device, one bought the farm attempting to meet a deadline while suffering from pneumonia and many were consumed in a spectacular array of self-inflicted trucidation. The result of all this was that those left standing were beginning to receive accolades here, aggrandizement there. Hardly enough to live on, though. So Clarence spent most of his days creating ancillary product lines for the latest Arnold Schwarzenegger blockbuster or extrapolating Hello Kitty for use in the cash fluid American toy market. It paid the bills.



At their first meeting Buck brought Clarence a case of imported beer and an ounce of remarkable smoke. It was a significant gesture. The white man had traded the red man trinkets for territory and the black blues musician cheap wine and hookers for the rights to his music. Historically, this was the way one dealt with niggers.

"The Fuckberg Public House will become a shrine to underground comix!" extolled Pigmeat. "We will establish a tabernacle, a sacraium to your art form. Once a year we'll commodate an elaborate, well-publicized ceremony to induct a preeminent

underground cartoonist into a Hall of Comix Fame! And you will be the first inducted."

Having plunged the blade to the hilt, Pigmeat applied torque. "Fans worldwide will patronize our odeum, paying homage to you illustrious and celebrated artists enshrined there!"

Artfully, Big Buck Pigmeat passed the doobie to Creedwater's trembling fingers as the air crackled with prevarication and chicanery. "Of course, we'll need your help with some of the particulars."



So Clarence Creedwater was enlisted to produce identity and advertising for the tavern. He generated press releases which bred publicity in the papers. For his time he negotiated a free tab at the bar so that he could bring along family and friends and wallow in egregious celebrity and the drunken flattery of red-eyed lounge lizards timorously clinging to equilibrium and life.

He used his contacts in the comic book world to solicit artwork and ephemera for the walls of the Fuckberg Public House. Occasionally Big Buck would peel a few crisp one-hundred dollar bills off a fat roll for some of Creedwater's original art. But more often Clarence, gripped by amity and and charity, would donate significant hippie era art and print to the saloon

As days became weeks the workload intensified, the deadlines became onerous and it began to dawn on Creedwater that perhaps he was Pigmeat's monkey, dancing on command. Particularly since the list of people and friends to whom he could avail his bar tab began to dwindle as they—for one specious infraction or another—were banned from the tavern. And when Clarence bellied up solo, Hortense Grimcrack made it clear

that she considered him a freeloader. This disagreeable growling made him skittish and fidgety as he had often witnessed her inordinate strength and vituperative wrath as transgressor patrons (even those well-muscled and tattooed) were flung unceremoniously into the alley.

When Creedwater complained to Buck that his professional hours weren't equaling the bar privileges, Pigmeat assuaged "The publicity you're generating keeps your name in the public mind. Besides, the inductions are coming up and your star will blaze uncircumscribed!"

Victim to this seductive incantation, Clarence Creedwater once again fell into lock-step.



According to plan, the evening of the induction into the Hall of Comix Fame was to be sumptuous. Searchlights would scan the skyline, Creedwater would be transported to the tavern in a champagne-stocked limousine, paparazzi would capture his arrival and the emblematic 60s rabble-rouser, Abbie Pandemia, would be the master of ceremony.



The imposing white stretch pulled up to Creedwater's house and envious neighbors peeked out from bungalow and tenement. As Clarence sunk into the plush upholstery and popped the cork from the bubbly, the limo pulled slowly away while squealing children batted at the smoked windows demanding the identity of the mogul inside.

Approaching the destination of his lush ride, Creedwater noticed no klieg light activity in the area. When the stretch pulled up to the Fuckberg Public House there was a searchlight in the street but it was being loaded onto a truck bed. The chauffeur

opened the door for the guest of honor and inquired, "Who's payin' for th' limo?"

"Why, the bar of course." bleated Clarence as he approached the door and his picture was snapped by someone he recognized as one of the tavern's regular inebrates.

"You're holding the camera backwards." he offered the tipsy photog.

"S'o.k." was the answer. "S'no film innit anyway."

Creedwater entered the bar with the chauffeur breathing down his neck. "WHO'S PAYIN' FOR THE FUCKIN' LIMO?!" the driver bellowed.

Ashen Hugh greeted Clarence, "Would you mind putting the limo on your credit card? Me an' Buck don't carry plastic. We'll pay you back in a couple of days."

"Uh...sure," Creedwater replied nervously, handing his Visa to the limo driver. "What happened to the searchlights?"

"Well, we don't have enough cash in the till right now. And th' guy won't wait until after we take in the evening's receipts to get paid," said Hugh. "So we told the unreasonable sonuvabitch to pack up and hit the bricks!"

The saloon was packed and turbid. Hortense Grimcrack was tending a clearly understaffed bar.

"I thought you guys were gonna bring in extra help." Clarence conjectured.

"I don't share tips with nobody!", Hortense shneked.

Buck pushed through the crowd and grabbed Clarence by the arm. "You're gonna have to induct yourself," he hissed. "Abbie Pandemia overdosed on heroin in the toilet!" Creedwater glanced toward the back of the bar in

time to catch a glimpse of Pandemia's lifeless body being hustled out the back door.

"We're gonna dump his body down the street." Pigmeat said, his eyes fiery and full of currish resolve.

"I can't induct myself!", squealed Creedwater. "How would it look, me inducting myself. Besides, I'm petrified in front of a crowd and you got me half-pickled already."

"You gotta do it!", commanded Pigmeat as he shoved the befuddled and quaking Creedwater in front of the microphone. "YOU'RE NOT GONNA FUCK-UP MY CHANCES OF GETTING A NEW BRAIN!!"



The next day dawned as icy and bitter as the news reports. "Underground comix should stay dead and buried!" savaged one columnist. "Reckless Creedwater demonstrates unbridled audacity and witless vanity by inducting himself into Hall of Fame. It should be 'Hall of Shame'!" scoffed another.

Fueled by outraged television commentators and tagged "Creedwatergate" by radio talk show hosts, public hysteria reached critical mass in just a few days. And due to this commotion and notoriety Big Buck Pigmeat easily sold off his collection of underground comix art for enough money to pay for his brain transplant and to provide ample reserve.

After which he convened a news conference.

Standing before the hot glare of the keen-eyed scrutiny of the Media, Pigmeat began, "As you are all aware, Clarence Creedwater is not only an insult to the arts but an undependable, washed-up, has-been hippie cartoonist. And I also have information that besides being an abomination to polite society, he is also a criminal. "

"It was Creedwater who provided the deadly heroin that took the life of beloved political activist, Abbie Pandernia. And it was he who was also responsible for concealing the body in order to absolve himself of complicity in the matter. I trust the authorities will act expeditiously and convene a Grand Jury as soon as possible."

"Furthermore, I have abandoned my patronage of the putrescent craft of underground comix in favor of an art form more propitious and erudite. I'm pleased to announce that the Pulitzer Foundation is underwriting the establishment of my Museum of Mass Murder."

"As you know, death row has become a fertile breeding ground for today's most exciting artists. Give a mass murderer a palette and an empty canvass and move over Picasso!"

"After all, what aesthete can resist the strong brush strokes of a John Wayne Gacy oil? Or the delicate hues of a Ted Bundy pastel drawing? Or the sensitive inking of a Jeffery Dahmer line drawing? Who better to interpret the milieu of life than the perspicacious and clever individual who has taken it upon himself to be the arbiter of life and death? Who better to elucidate beauty than the clear-eyed and spirited mass murderer?"



So Clarence Creedwater was indicted for involuntary manslaughter and dealing in a controlled substance. His meager assets were seized and he was remanded into custody to stand trial. And what a show trial it was. The charge was upgraded to murder one and the public was hungry for his blood. News crews from 25 countries beamed the courtroom proceedings around the world. And when he was convicted to life without parole joyous rioting and looting erupted in every

major metropolitan area.

The Comics Journal, The Comics Buyer's Gulde and every major trade journal servicing the comic book industry ran cover stories condemning Creedwater as a blight upon the comics community. Distributors refused to handle any of his titles and retailers pulled his stock off their shelves. Every city had public burnings of his books. Comic book histories were revised eliminating any mention of Clarence Creedwater.

Eventually Creedwater was found dead in his cell, self-suffocated by a mylar, acid-free, Golden Age comic bag firmly secured over his head. He was buried in an unmarked grave.



The imminent opening of the Mass Murder Museum was a portentous media circus. Barbara Walters interviewed John Wayne Gacy and asked him, "If you were a fleshy fungus, which fleshy fungus would you be?"

"*Phallus impudicus*," answered Gacy, much to the delight of Nielsen families across the Nation.

Kids everywhere wore "I'm a mass murderer and proud of it" t-shirts, emblazoned with Bart Simpson clutching a bloody butcher knife, surrounded by the carcasses of his massacred family.

Every network ran a Movie of the Week featuring the homicidal exploits of one fratricidal character or another. The Fox network premiered "You Kill Me!" starring Tom Arnold as a wacky Hillside Strangler and his mirthful murderous misadventures. But the real media event of the century was opening night at the museum.

Crowds camped out in front of the building for weeks just to get a glimpse of the celebrity-packed first-night attendees.

The opening was by invitation only.

And guests would be admitted only if they were wearing a special hologram-embossed badge featuring the Grim Reaper in a smock and beret with the words "Fear no Art" created from tiny corpses displayed on a black field.

But the *coup de main* of the affair was the master of ceremonies. The influence of Big Buck Pigmeat had become so pervasive and the events surrounding the opening so monumental, that the authorities had cheerfully agreed to allow Jeffery Dahmer the evening away from his death row confines in order to host the event.

And what a host he was, greeting the Jack Nicholsons and the Barbara Streisands. Shaking the hand of Chelsea Clinton as cameras flashed, introducing Buck Pigmeat and knowingly lecturing the assembled luminaries regarding artistic influence and painterly technique.

Dahmer was such a charming presence that the authorities really didn't mind that, at some point during the festivities, Jeffery escaped through the throng and into the night. "Not to worry", said the Governor. "We'll recapture the minx. Besides, after everything he's done here tonight, he deserves a brief respite from his cage of steel."



In the pristine operating theater of brain surgeon Jesus Escobar de Elote a bone saw whistled and whined in musical gyre as it sliced through flesh and bone, slinging viscous tissue and splattering sanguine blood onto white surgical uniforms.

Dr. Escobar de Elote's afternoon chores were half completed. The boy's brain had been removed and packed in dry ice. By now the young cadaver would be on its way to the cannery and his impoverished family's lot improved by a meager cash reward and one less mouth to feed.

The surgeon's trained hands meticulously flipped back the top of his patient's skull revealing the cerebrum nestled in the cavity. Every time he performed this procedure the doctor couldn't repress the unseemly notion that this looked not so much like the cranium of a human being as it did a toilet with its seat left up after someone had taken a prodigious dump. He chuckled at his capricious observation as nurse Lucilla Civita slipped a scalpel into his grip.

Suddenly the doors to the operating room slammed open.

A figure, like some Crimmerian incubus, possessed by delirium and gathering up lethally-honed cutlery along the way, swooped down upon the medical team with deadly purpose.

As the doctor turned toward the commotion a scalpel plunged into his temple dispatching him with grisly flounce. Nurse Civita was eviscerated in a thrice and the anesthesiologist was disemboweled in a flash.



Jeffery Dahmer tucked a napkin under his chin, plucked knife, fork and spoon out of his breast pocket, pulled a chair up to the operating table and poured himself a goblet of red wine.

Dahmer knew from the first time he met Big Buck Pigmeat that here was a man-sized meal. It was hunger more than freedom that motivated Jeffery's escape. And it was the anticipation of this very banquet that prompted him to tail Buck to Brazil.

"MMMM. That's good eatin'" Dahmer mused as he spooned the last morsel of cerebellum out of Big Buck Pigmeat's cranium. Then he turned his attention to the brain stored in dry ice. "And what could be more delightful than a little frozen dessert to cap off the perfect repast?"



THE DANCE OF THE EPHEMERAL SIMOLEONS

HAND OVER TH' PAYCHECK, BOSCO!...

...OR IT'S TH' MEATGRINDER FOR YOUR WORTHLESS CARCASS!

I COULD GET UP TO A NICKEL PER POUND AT TODAY'S PRICES.

SHE'S RIGHT, OF COURSE.

EXCEPT SHE'S PROBABLY OVER-ESTIMATED MY WORTH...

...ONLY BECAUSE SHE LOVES ME SO MUCH!

SKIP WILLIAMS

THE BOSS!

PARDON ME, MR SUCCUBUS, I WONDER IF I MIGHT HAVE A RAISE?...

SORRY, BOSCO, \$1.50 PER DAY IS MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR YOUR MENIAL SERVICES!

OR ELSE MY DARLING MELVINA WILL GRIND ME INTO CATFOOD!

IF YOU DONT LIKE IT YOU CAN PAY ME \$25 A DAY EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.

... AND REMIND "TH' LITTLE LADY" THAT **I OWN** YOUR WORTHLESS HIDE!

IT'S IN TH' CONTRACT.

GIT T' WORK!!

THE WORK!

SHOVELING SHIT BY DAY... ONLY TO BE MET BY TH' GAPING MAW OF TH' MEAT GRINDER IN TH' EVENING!

MOAN!

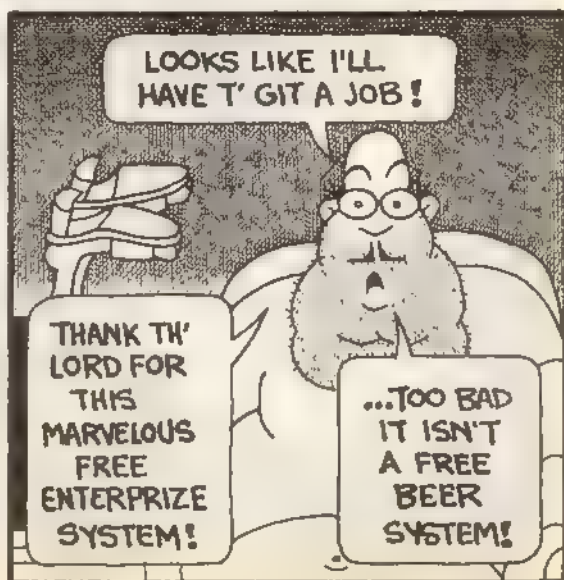
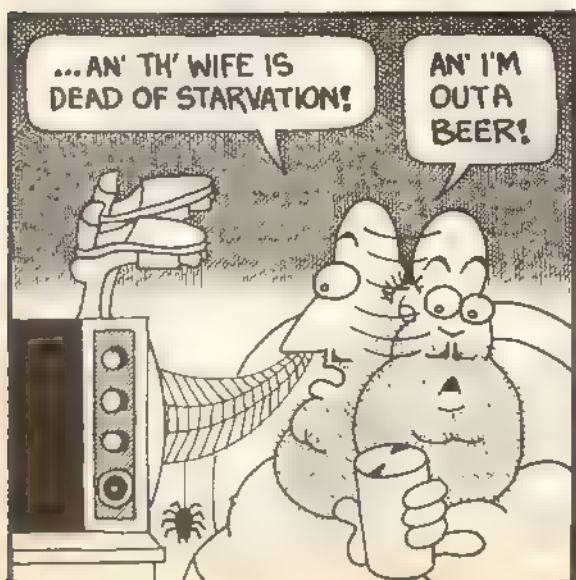
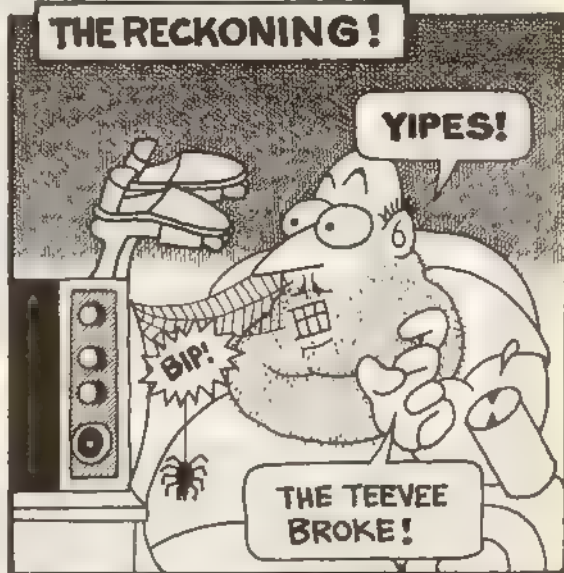
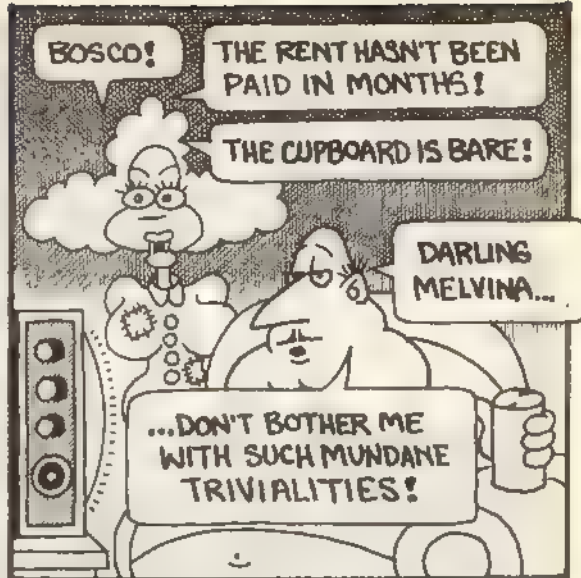
MELVINA WILL BE SO DISAPPOINTED!

IT WUZ FOR HER THAT I GAVE UP A BRILLIANT CAREER AS A VETINARY GYNCOLOGIST!

AND DESPITE MY SACRIFICE I STILL CAN'T MAKE ENDS MEET!

MOAN!

I FEEL TERRIBLE ABOUT THIS WHOLE THING!



TO PARAPHRASE KIPLING: WHEN IMPUDENT TESTOSTERONE
BLOATS ORGANS AND VEINS, AND THE WOMEN COME OUT TO
CUT UP YOUR REMAINS, THEN TAKE UP YOUR GUN AND BLOW
OUT YOUR BRAINS AND GO TO YOUR GOD LIKE A SOLDIER.
THAT'S RIGHT, BOYS AND GIRLS... IT'S THE

BUTCHERSHOP OF LOVE



WHAT IS IT WITH
THESE MEN, DAPHNE?

ARE THEIR BRAINS
IN THEIR BALLS?



SKIP
WILLIAMSON

HEAVIN'

GIVE ME ALL OF YOUR BEER OR I'LL WALK RIGHT OUT OF THIS COMIC STRIP!

NO BEER,
NO ART!



IF HEAVIN' KEEPS DRINKING AT THIS PACE, THERE WILL BE NO BEER LEFT FOR US.

WE MUST
KILL
HEAVIN'!

LATER
THAT DAY.

THIS TRIANGULATION OF FIRE SHOULD DO THE TRICK.

NOTHING LIKE A RIDE IN A OPEN LIMO STOCKED WITH BEER!





UNFORTUNATELY, HEAVIN' IS SO DRUNK HE MISSES HIS INTENDED TARGETS.



DAYTIME TEEVEE

WE INTERVIEW SOME PRETTY DISGUSTING TYPES ON THIS SHOW.

WHO CAN FORGET THE SHOW WE DID ABOUT "PSYCHIC LESBIAN SOAP OPERA STARS".

OR THE ENTIRE WEEK WE DID ON "CRACK BABIES ADDICTED TO DESTRUCTIVE RELATIONSHIPS".

BUT TODAY WE'LL BE FOCUSING ON THE MOST ABHORRENT AND HEINOUS GUEST EVER!

SOMEONE WHOSE PERSONAL HABITS ARE SO DESPICABLE AND OUTRAGEOUS ...

... THAT I MUST WARN ANY VIEWERS WITH DELICATE SENSIBILITIES OR WITH YOUNG CHILDREN IN THE ROOM...

...TO IMMEDIATELY
**TURN OFF THE
TELEVISION!**

TODAY WE'RE TALKING TO THE MOST MONSTEROUSLY REPREENSIBLE EXCUSE FOR A HUMAN BEING EVER!...

...AN OBNOXIOUS AND ABERRANT PUBLIC DISGRACE!...

THE SHAME OF SOCIETY!...

A HETEROSEXUAL MALE!!

FOR HIS OWN PROTECTION HE'S IN DISGUISE AND NOT USING HIS REAL NAME ...

WE'LL REFER TO HIM AS "MR. SMOOT."

SAY, FOOL! YOU IS NUTHIN' MO' THAN A FREAK O' NATURE!

IF YOU AXE ME, YOU IS NUGATORY FROTH AN' PUSILLANIMOUS SLAG!!

AS A SOON-TO-BE LICENSED PSYCHOLOGIST AND BEST-SELLING AUTHOR OF "WHY LEAVING THE TOILET SEAT UP IS RAPE," I THINK YOUR ILK SHOULD BE HACKED INTO TINDER TO HEAT ABORTION CLINICS AND ABUSED WOMEN'S SHELTERS DURING THE WINTER.

SO, "MR. SMOOT"...WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY IN DEFENSE OF YOURSELF AND YOUR FRATERNITY OF THUGISH AFFILIATES?

GOSH...

I'M SO ASHAMED OF MYSELF!

I'M RILLY SORRY
I LIKE GIRLS ...

I DIDN'T
MEAN TO...

WE DISDAIN YOUR
PATHETIC EXCUSES!!!

WE KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH
YOU MORALLY DESTITUTE AND
MALFORMED SWINE!...

YOU, WITH YOUR GRUESOME SACKS
OF PENDULOUS FLESH AND YOUR
LEWDLY SPURTING SPOUTS OF
TOXIC TESTOSTERONE!!

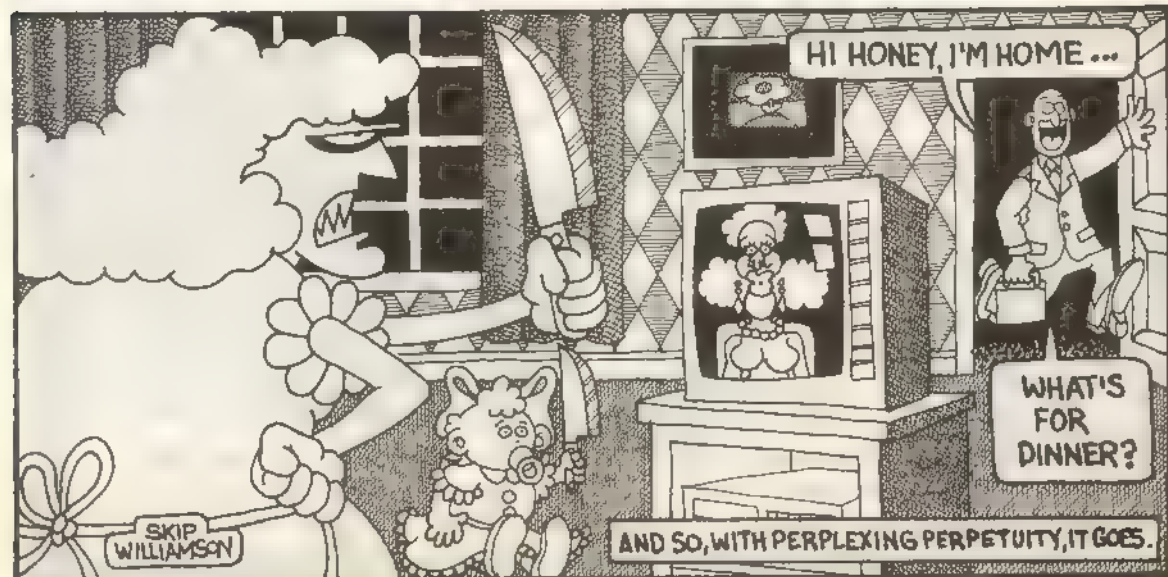
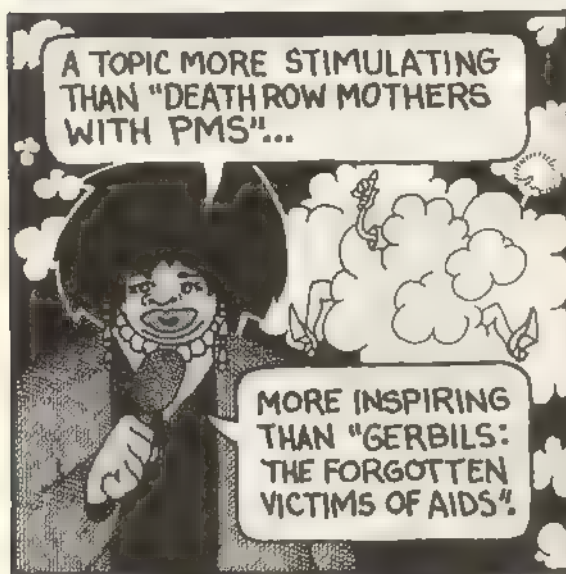
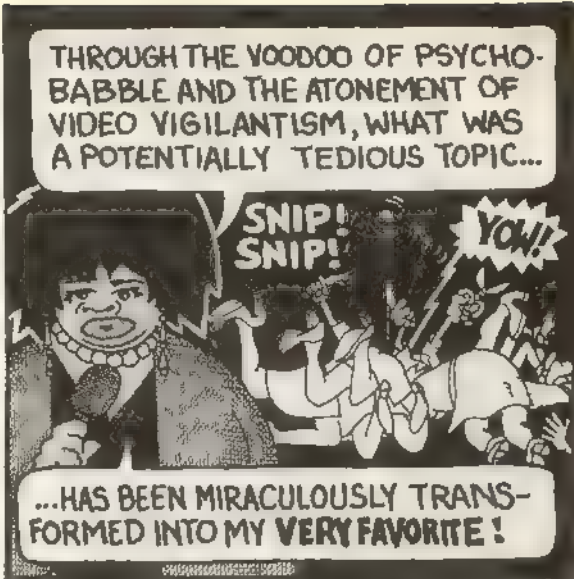
WHAT YOU NEED IS TO BE
MORE LADYLIKE ...

WITNESS THE
NAKED STEEL
OF REPARATION!

... MORE
STREAMLINED!

THE BLOOD-
STAINS ARE
STEADMAN'S...

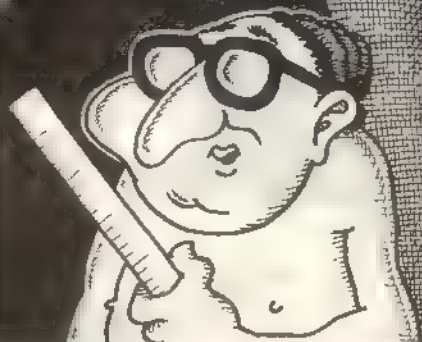
...A PALPABLE
MEMENTO OF
HIS INDISCRETION!



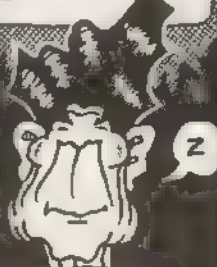
ONE NIGHT IN THE BOHEMIAN GROVE

SKIP WILLIAMSON

ASS VEE ALL KNOW, HE WHO HASS ZE BIGGEST VEENIE RULES ZE VORLD...



ZO VEE ARE GATHERED HERE TONIGHT TO ZEE WHO VILL MEASURE UP... FIRST VEE CHECK RONNIE.



CLEARLY HE HASS ZEE MOST IMPRESSIVE ZAUSAGE...

...YET VEE MUST AZZUME IT IZ PENDULOUS UND HANGS LOW DUE TO ZEE RAVAGES OFF AGE, UND RONNIE IZ ZO CONSUMED BY ZENILE TORDIDITY ZAT HE IZ EFFICTIVE ONLY VEN PROPPED UP BY A ZURROGATE.



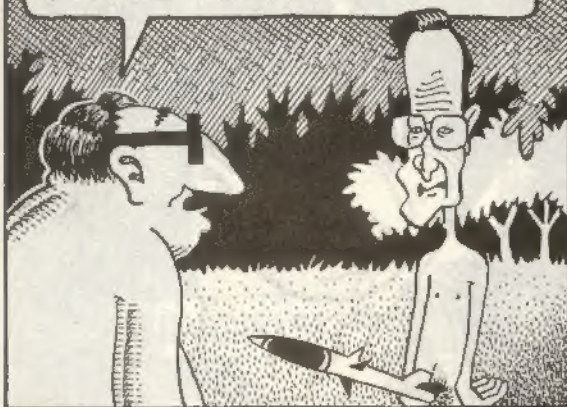
UND NEXT VEE VILL ZEE HOW MINE OLD PAL, DICK, SHAPES UP...



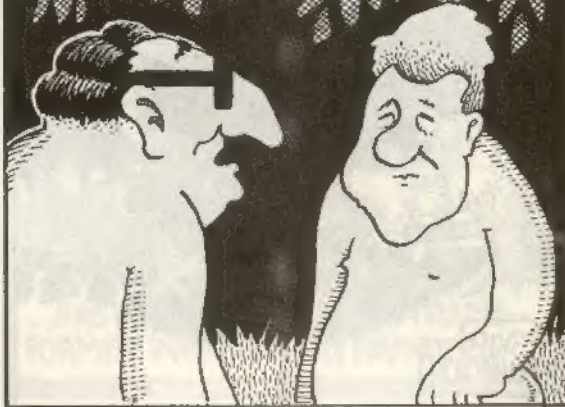
... A DECENT SIZE YET NOTICIBLY CROOKED.



UND I AM AFRAID, GEORGE, ZAT
YOU ARE DISQUALIFIED BECAUSE
OFF YOUR PATRIOT MISSLE
PENILE IMPLANT.



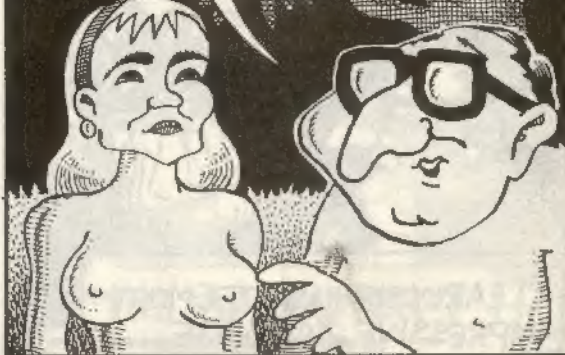
UND BILL, YOU ARE ALSO
DISQUALIFIED...



...BECAUSE YOU LIED ABOUT
ZEE SIZE OFF YOUR VEENER.
UND NOW VEE CAN ZEE CLEARLY
ZAT YOU HAF ZEE TEENIEST
UND MOST IMPOTENT SCHVANTZ
OFF ALL.



UND NOW
VEE COME
TO HILLARY.

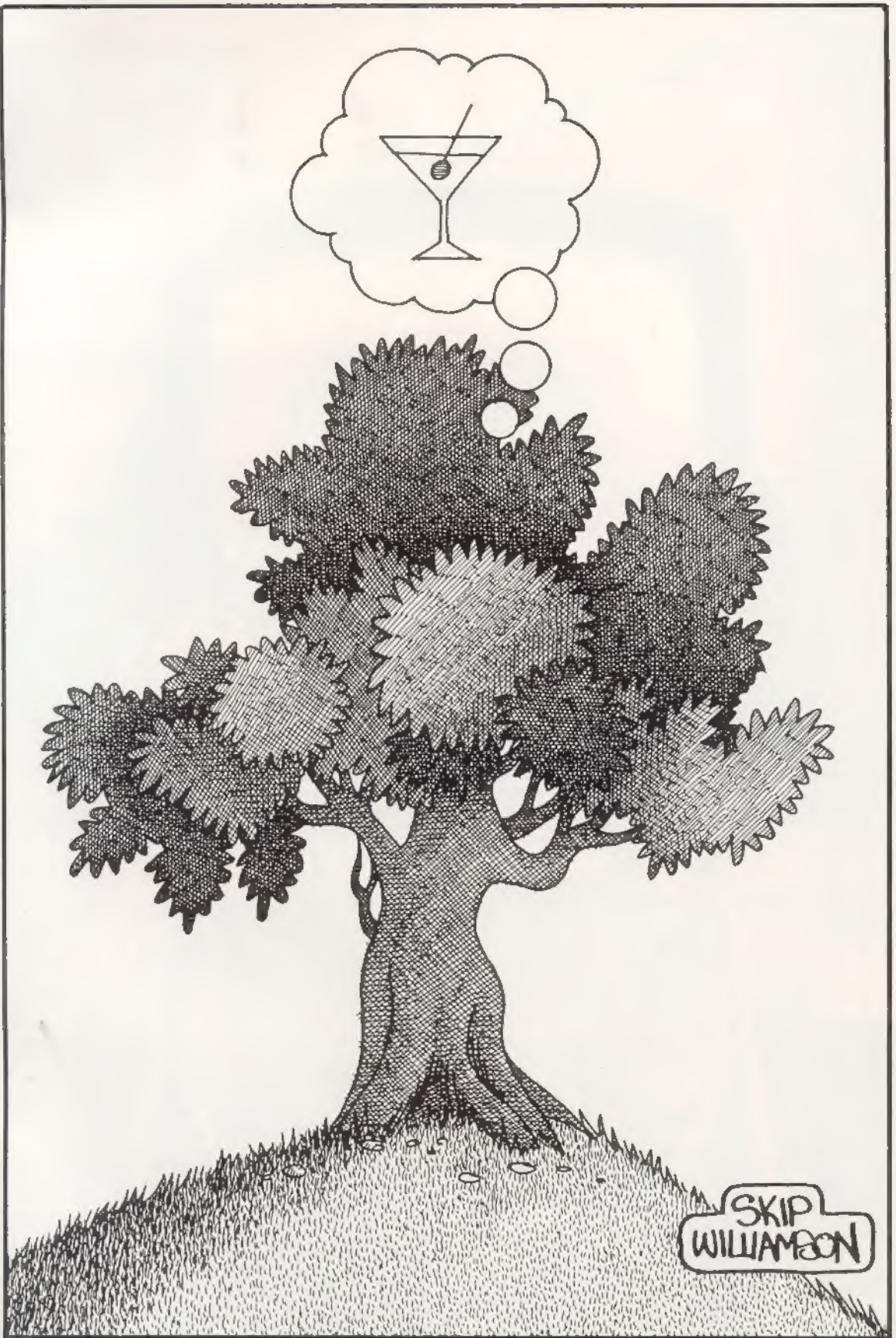


HEY! THERE ARE NO GIRLS
ALLOWED IN THE BOHEMIAN
GROVE!!!



NEVERZEELESS... HILLARY
VINS ASS SHE HASS ZE
MOST BALLS UND ZEE
BIGGEST DICK OFF US ALL!









Sir Real's

**UNDERGROUND
COMIX CLASSIX**

Pighead #1

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Comments:

Signed by Skip Williamson on the front cover.